

Frank B. Ford
390 W Cocoa Beach Cswy #30
Cocoa Beach, FL 32931

Tel (321) 783-8702
Email frank_b_ford@yahoo.com

The Present

"Vot a lucky boy! The birthday boy!"

"Never mind you, who's a lucky boy or who's not a lucky boy!" his grandfather informed the old man. He wondered how this tattered bum even knew about his birthday. Then his grandfather announced: "This is who Gramps told you about! My present!" immediately pummeling the man's head and shoulders. "You too!" he screamed. "Smack him good!"

The boy whaled away too, but only could reach midway up the black overcoat, which yielded like dry grass. The coat becoming unbuttoned in the fury, he finally scraped across a belt buckle of greenish brass and quit. The grandfather persisted until breathless, then thrust a ten dollar bill into the victim's pocket.

With the boy watching from the window, the old man staggered down the porch stairs, stopping at the brilliant sidewalk to extract the money. The pocket came out with the bill, then disintegrated into a purple dust as the old man squinted.

Meanwhile, the chortling and puffing Gramps was dancing, reliving in exaggerated form some of his punches.

"Grandfather, will there always be Nazis?"

"Yes!" Gramps windmilled, scarlet, "and always us here to bop them good!" He stopped, to place a bony hand on the boy's shoulder. "But look," he panted, noticing the few dots of blood along the boy's frail knuckles, "let's fix those up. You know your father and mother."